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A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. IV.—No. 175.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, MARCH 21, 1879.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

PEEL PARK MUSEUM.

IF any institution is calculated to invite criticism, even from the most unscientific mind, more than another, that institution is a public museum of natural history. The amount of information to be gathered from a carefully classified museum is known only to the student of one or more of the branches of that most interesting and absorbing science; and the consequences of the disorganisation of that minute system which is, or should be, the basis of such an institution can also only be imagined by the student. People may come and go, and look upon the whole as a fair picture, but the beautiful system of nature can only be duly appreciated as a system when its perfections are shown by careful classification.

I have been led to make the foregoing remarks in consequence of having paid a visit, for the purpose of obtaining certain information, to the Museum of Natural History at Peel Park, Salford. Happening to converse with a friend on the subject of hawking in the olden time, we took a sudden fancy to examine the various species of that noble bird, especially the goshawk, and, feeling certain of finding what we wanted at Peel Park, we resolved to pass an afternoon in that instructive building, and proceeded thither accordingly.

Of course, we paid our first visit to the *Rapaces*, or birds of prey, in order to gratify our first curiosity, but what language can express our astonishment at finding them utterly useless for our observation, as not one single bird of that class is distinguished by either name, locality, or label of any kind? Their condition, also, may be judged from the fact that thousands of those small moths which are so destructive to carelessly-kept museums are scattered about the bodies of the birds and on the bottom of the case, whilst some of the specimens themselves are so ragged, by the gradual process of being eaten by the larvae of these pests of neglected cabinets, that they have the appearance of suffering under that periodical complaint called moulting. The rarest species of hawks—so rare, indeed, that many of them are now almost extinct, and can scarcely be replaced at any expense whatever—are here left to the mercy of the destroyer which lives and thrives on their destruction.

The whole collection of the wading and diving birds are also without a single label to indicate to the inquiring student either name or locality. As a valuable collection this section is really great, but as a scientific study it is almost useless; but I believe they could be easily made to assume a vastly different appearance if less neglected.

In the adjoining case there is a very fine and scarce specimen of the otter, the skin of which is literally eaten to pieces, and the seal and other animals near it are fairly chequered over with the same *Tinea*, or small moth, which has made such a wreck at the other end of the room. Indeed, several valuable hawks which were at one end, and a splendid lot of bats which were at the other end of that room, not long ago, have disappeared altogether, perhaps eaten away until no longer useful and then destroyed—who knows?

But if this must be said of the larger specimens of the animal kingdom, which are, or ought to be, preserved in the Museum, what can be said of the entomological portion thereof? The Gibsonian collection (which, by-the-by, is not acknowledged by either card or label on the cases) presents such a dilapidated appearance as to cause the observer to turn away with a sigh of disappointment, when he remembers what it once was. The best specimens of the *Lepidoptera* have been entirely removed, and the remnants of this once valuable collection are falling to pieces on the pins whereon they are impaled—a wing hanging here, a body there, and sometimes only an empty pin, denoting where an object of former care and attention has once been. The *Coleoptera* are in the same state of semi-destruction; and, in fact, the whole Gibsonian collection offers to the visitor such a semblance of dusty ruin that he is glad to turn to other objects for relief.

What makes this appearance still more lamentable is the fact that, underneath these ruinous cases of *Lepidoptera*, duplicate specimens of the same order are exhibited in cleaner-looking cases, as if in contempt of the noble gift which gave its name to the collection. The valuable set of seeds, which also formed part of the same donation, instead of being properly classified and displayed, are jumbled together in dusty confusion, the glasses which contain them being almost opaque from want of cleaning, and lying two or three deep. This cannot be for want of room, when the collection of *Lepidoptera* in the same room is double in even the most ordinary species which were ever known to a schoolboy.

The case containing a few specimens of the locust, which tradition tells us were captured in Salford, is under the same ban of neglect. Surely the Corporation of Salford can afford a small bit of cork to pin them on, and so prevent their lying together at the bottom of the case, in evident danger of breaking each other's limbs. It may be very many years before any such visitors are seen again, even in Salford.

But the worst feature in this valuable museum is the absolutely unscientific jumbling of so many of its objects of interest all together, without any specification as to either name or locality. The beautiful and interesting collection of lizards at one end of the gallery, and the rich and most valuable lot of snakes at the other end (over forty of which are preserved in spirits), have no label to indicate to an inquiring mind what they are or where they came from. The risk of obtaining these dangerous specimens, for the purpose of advancing the study of that branch of natural history, is so great, the danger so much to be shuddered at, that when obtained they should at least be made to answer the purpose for which they were placed there. And the many distinct species of *Lepidoptera* in the gallery which are simply styled by way of distinction—"New—Old Calabar"—what are we to understand by that? Are we to suppose that they are entirely new to entomologists, and that the science has not yet been extended so far as to include the insects of Old Calabar? If not so, I beg some one more versed in the solution of puzzles than I am to explain it.

I see that the hint about nomenclature and classification given by the *Salford Weekly News* a short time ago has been acted upon in some measure, for the extensive variety of shells are being re-arranged and named. This is, I am happy to see, one step in the right direction, and I can only express a sincere wish to see the work carried well and correctly out. Some five or six months ago the same step was taken with the valuable geological portion of the establishment, and I noticed at the time a few errors which had been made in the naming of this wonderful section, which errors I regret to say are still there. I surely need not point out to the management the vast importance of care and correctness in work of this kind.

I now have had my say in this matter. The Museum at Peel Park is a noble and a vast collection of the works of nature, it is of enormous value, and is surely deserving of a better fate than a great portion of it seems to be at present undergoing. In conclusion, I must return to my starting point—the Birds of Prey. Would it not be a great misfortune if one-half of that costly group should be so infested with the pernicious parasite, which at present is so plainly apparent, as to require destroying, in order to preserve the remainder?

THE THEATRES.—The drama of *It's Never Too Late to Mend* has been so often produced in Manchester that any detailed notice is quite unnecessary. A very effective representation of it is now being given at the Royal. The acting is so thoroughly good throughout that it would be invidious to select anyone for special praise. The piece is splendidly mounted. *Babiole* still holds the boards at the Prince's; and Mr. Chas. Calvert plays well in a poor piece—*Esop*—at the Queen's.

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BRITISH WORKMEN AND FOREIGN COMPETITION.

MR. JOHN BURNS, the eminent shipbuilder, having gone to Glasgow to examine the progress made in the construction of the "Gallia," upon which a number of Belgian workpeople are employed in laying the decks, was present when the British workmen ceased work at one o'clock on Saturday. The Belgians wishing to work on, asked to be allowed to do so, not for the purpose of making overhours, but simply to finish earlier. Mr. Burns consented, and forthwith wrote a letter of warning to British artisans, and addressed the same to the Lord Provost of Glasgow. A Manchester working man requests us to publish the following reply, which we have much pleasure in doing:—

My Lord Provost,—In common with the rest of the country I have been much pleased to hear of the efforts put forth by your Lordship on behalf of the poor of Glasgow. The approval of your own heart must, long ere this, have repaid you for those efforts of mercy, and I am sure your Lordship will be delighted to learn that the distress is passing away, and the dawn of better times is even now discerned by employers of labour. In the letter addressed to your Lordship by Mr. John Burns the needed panacea is found in longer hours of labour than are now worked. But if longer hours are to rescue us from distress, we have a right to expect those foreign countries where longer hours have been worked all along will not now be suffering from depression of trade; but, alas! we do not find such a position of affairs to exist. In Belgium, the very land whence the workmen come who "specially asked to be allowed to work until dark," the condition of trade is even worse than with us, and riots among the workpeople of the mills have taken place.

No doubt Mr. Burns, and other gentlemen of his industry and ability, do work on until tired nature seeks repose, but such is not the case with lawyers, municipal servants, Government officials, the army and navy, and even the clergy and the doctors. It is not too much to assert that a general and tremendous advance in the cost of maintaining all these classes of the community has taken place, and, forsooth, because the workman has followed suit, he is perpetually brought to the bar of public opinion, charged with the high crime of treason to the State, and pronounced to be without patriotism. The rich man may grow richer by any means within his power, and secure the applause of an admiring world, but if the poor workman, by any force of combination, secures more profitable terms for his labour, he is then said to be blind to his real interests, and to reside in a fool's paradise—the said fool's paradise being that the rich man will shortly bring over Belgians and Japanese to do the work required at a less rate of remuneration. Patriotism, then, has two meanings: first, that the rich shall grow richer with credit; and secondly, the poor man shall die in his poverty without complaining. Seventy years ago, patriotism had a different meaning. Then, one Briton was thought to be worth half-a-dozen foreigners; now, a man has to assume a foreign surname to obtain employment. "Our pastors and masters" have been falling out for a hundred and fifty years as to what we shall be taught, and, except the shorter catechism, we know very little more than our native brown heath and shaggy wood. It is since the days when steam abolished distance, and Japan has been brought to Greenock, that our modern rich patriots have patriotically built themselves beautiful houses in the best situations about our towns, and sent the poor to live in flats and cellars, and then brought foreign workmen to teach us how to live cheaply and work at a low price.

On all hands the jurors in the great exhibitions have pointed out our want of technical education, but if they had seen a little farther into the economy of British manufactures they would have passed reflections upon the extraordinary desire to grow rich in ten or twelve years which distinguishes the British employer. To live in a palace, to keep his family in idleness, his sons hunting and shooting, his daughters singing, playing, and visiting the Continent, is the proper thing for an employer now-a-days, but, as for his workmen, they must content themselves still to live in squalor and die in old age in the workhouse. I say, deliberately, that the average rate of wages paid in Great Britain now will not enable a workman to live three score years and ten, and die at home at last. Yet I mourn over the sad waste of money by the artisan class, and hope for the days of prudence and sobriety.

Certainly, as a nation we live in a fool's paradise, but it is a paradise of weeds and brushwood. We send to Belgium and Japan and everywhere for food, which we could grow for ourselves. We try to compensate our loss by selling to foreigners the things which they are learning to produce at home, and because we are gradually losing ground in the competition

against home producers in those countries we begin to fall out among ourselves as to price of production. I wonder when employers will see that workmen can never know what price to ask for their labour except the natural price of the highest sum they can obtain. The self-same thing is done by the seller of goods—the employer. No employer would consent to make his profits and losses known to his workmen, and how can his workmen meet him, or sympathise with or assist him, on a general statement that things do not pay? Every manager of a works is familiar with the story that this thing and that thing does not pay, according to the employer, whilst in reality a good profit is being obtained at the very time such language is used.

For some practical outcome of Mr. Burns's letter, then, let me suggest that employers do something like taking their workpeople into their confidence. Tell them of the state of trade annually—at a party for the purpose. Better still, if employers like, imitate the example of the Speaker of Parliament, and of William Lawson, Esq., Wigton, Cumberland—offer to be considered the managing partner of a big concern, stating capital employed, and offering to divide profits, after paying a certain per centage as loan of capital, among the workpeople employed. Something of this sort is practicable; but regrets are vain, and moral homilies to the common people are too slow. By the time a workman has come to understand them, he is discharged for being old, and is separated from his equally old wife, both dying in the workhouse, charged with the crime of poverty.

The loss of foreign trade is a real evil, but I am sure Mr. Burns is wrong in supposing the remedy is in the hands of the working classes, however long hours they chose to work, or however little wages they accept. Everything in Great Britain, as compared with foreign countries, is too dear. The army, navy, law, the church, and phyaic, all are monstrously too dear, and the working classes can only, at best, accept more of these burdens than they now bear by adopting the changes proposed by Mr. Burns. They cannot do as much in that line as foreigners can; therefore, the evil day of successful foreign competition would only be put back a year or two. Mr. Burns credits the British artisan class with virtues more than human, and power quite divine. He thinks them so virtuous that when they are shown the labour of their hands is too high-priced when it reaches the markets abroad, they will voluntarily work longer and at a cheaper rate than they do now. I do not believe in the virtue of the working classes; they have, if anything, less virtue than the middle and upper classes—at least the exhibition of vice by the lower classes is coarser and more brutal—so I do not believe they have enough philosophy in them to reform their mode of life in order that employers may be enabled to sell goods more cheaply.

I want Mr. Burns to procure the reform of the Government as regards the taxation on land—this now pays a tax calculated on an assessment two hundred years old, and the supposed loss to the revenue is nearly five millions. The reform of the Church revenues, whereby the bishops are paid from £15,000 at Canterbury, to £4,000 at Manchester, for doing less work than John Wesley did for nothing at all, and Richard Baxter did for about £100 a year. The rectors, too, are too rich for pious men to be. Religion cannot flourish on heavy purses; and, also, there is a crying reason for reform in these matters, for the curates are scandalously paid in many places yet. Four millions per annum could be saved in the Church.

Reform throughout the Government offices is urgently needed. Opening at from 9-30 to 11 a.m. they close at 4 p.m., which is two hours per day too little for commercial convenience. The officials, too, might be looked after to render more years of service than they do now. They begin at eighteen years of age, and many of them retire at forty on a pension of two-thirds their salary. Four millions per annum could be saved from the Civil Service by dealing with these men in the manner of private firms, or fix retirement at sixty years.

The transfer of land could be very much cheapened, and the law of primogeniture abolished, which would gradually cause the land to be cultivated, and an enormous saving of bullion would at once take place, because we should grow nearly sufficient produce for our own maintenance.

The drink traffic should be circumscribed, and the liquor reduced to the strength of foreign liquors. On the Continent a man may burst, but he can hardly get drunk. In Great Britain the middle class set up 100,000 places of temptation to the working classes, and then they are scolded for falling victims to the temptation. The aggregate poor rates collected in England and Wales in 1877 was £7,400,084, or equal to 6s. per head of the whole population. One-half of this money it is believed

DEBT BUYING & COLLECTING.

Messrs. FERRAN NEPHEW, & CO., Manchester Chambers, 46, Market Street, Manchester, PURCHASE or (for a small commission on actual receipts only) COLLECT, personally defraying all law expenses found necessary. Detailed list sent on invitation to call, will receive immediate attention.—CASH PAID ANY WEDNESDAY.

would be unnecessary were the drink traffic circumscribed so as to curb the excesses of the people. In other words, one-half of the 710,175 paupers now in our workhouses would never get there at all but from excessive drinking. It follows, then, that if our governing classes were to forego the revenue arising from liquors, three-and-a-half millions would be saved to the nation, besides crime and misery incalculable. We should probably benefit as much through needing fewer police and fewer prisons, thus saving seven or eight millions.

The Custom Houses are other clogs to trade, and sources of expense to Mr. Burns and others; and at Jersey, Guernsey, and many other places they do not collect as much as pays the salaries of officials.

All these are items in the cost of goods which the working classes have nothing to do with, and must be reformed by the middle and upper classes. If they will not apply themselves to these matters, it is no wonder that the working classes do not display more patriotism. If the middle classes, by the voice of Parliament, had advised and assisted the working men by providing an official to examine their rules, enlarge the scope of their usefulness, make their funds secure, set up examiners of the proficiency of finished apprentices, and shown a disposition to guide and direct the working classes, we should not now have had to mourn over many struggles between employer and employed during the last hundred years. But the uniform conduct of Parliament and the middle and upper classes towards the working classes and their unions has been to stigmatise them as foolish, revolutionary, and inoperative for the purpose of raising the workmen's wages. But, strange to say, whilst the workmen have had learned professors lecturing them upon the failure of their unions, these unions have not ceased to stink in their nostrils to this very day. But the fate of the coalworkers is proof of the sort of tender mercy which the plutocracy are ever ready to show to them who fall within their power. The colliers are now paid twenty-five per cent less than they have ever received during the last twenty-five years. It is a sad fact that the workmen of our country need the vast funds of their unions to keep them in the receipt of such wages as they now receive, and I firmly believe, were it not for these unions, there would be a general and heavy reduction in wages throughout the country, accompanied by a return to the long hours of fifty years ago. It is likely that even the Factory Act would be abolished, and all classes of labourers put on a level with the French and Belgians, with the added bitterness of a climate much more severe than any on the Continent.

There can be no doubt we greatly need reform now in Government, in land, in public and private life. We are bound in eight hundred millions to keep the peace, and we are engaged in two wars abroad, and a partial famine at home.—Yours, &c.,
A MANCHESTER MECHANIC.

FOR THOSE WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

WHILE we lament the silence of our manufactories, we rejoice to notice that, notwithstanding the dull times, men and women are still matrimonially disposed. The following are cut from Tuesday's *Examiner and Times* :—

WIDOW, 40, no family, comfortable home, Wishes to Meet with really sterling HUSBAND.—Address W 81, at the printers'.

GENTLEMAN, about 50, no encumbrance, educated, healthy, respectable, with some little cash, wishes comfortable Home; view, Matrimony.—Address W 125, at the printers'.

GENTLEMAN, 23, fair education, private income £150 yearly, Desires Correspondence with Young Lady about same age; view, Matrimony; letters treated with strictest confidence; cartes returned.—Address W 141, at the printers'.

WIDOWER, with comfortable home in country, no family, Wishes to Correspond with Widow Lady, 40 to 45; view, Matrimony; particulars given will be treated with strictest confidence; cartes returned.—W 111, at the printers'.

A Widow Lady, musical and well educated, Desires to Correspond with a tall Gentleman, 40, with good means: view to Marriage; bona fide and confidential.—Address W 134, at the printers'.

It will be observed that the advertisers, with one solitary exception, are all elderly persons. Two of them are blooming widows, and one a heart-sick widower. Ah well!—

Marriage is like the rabble rout—

They who are out wish to be in,

And they who are in wish to be out.

No doubt these widows and that widower had enough of matrimony before; but now that they are out of the married state, they are on the eve of plunging madly into it once again.

THE CHILDREN ALL AT HOME.

EVERY now and then loud and long complaints are raised about the dearth of good poetry in these so-called degenerate days. If there is any real ground for the growl, it lies very much, if not altogether, in the disposition of so many of our poets to write grandly and philosophically, instead of naturally and simply, and to prefer lofty rather than lowly subjects. There isn't much in the following lines beyond their genuine naturalness and the supreme beauty of the subject and its treatment. Yet they are such as never do, or can, miss the mark :—

Each day when the glow of sunset
Fades in the western sky,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go tripping lightly by,
I steal away from my husband,
Asleep in his easy-chair,
And watch from the open doorway
Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead
That once was full of life,
Ringing with girlish laughter,
Echoing boyish strife,
We two are waiting together,
And oft as the shadows come,
With tremulous voice he calls me,
"It is night! are the children home?"

"Yes, love!" I answer him gently,
"They're all home long ago!"
And I sing in my quivering treble
A song so soft and low,
Till the old man drops to slumber,
With his head upon his hand,
And I tell to myself the number
At home in a better land.

Home, where never a sorrow
Shall dim their eyes with tears,
Where the smile of God is on them
Through all the summer years,
I know; yet my arms are empty—
That fondly folded seven,
And the mother heart within me
Is almost starved for Heaven.

Sometimes, in the dusk of the evening,
I only shut my eyes
And the children are all about me,
A vision from the skies;
The babes whose dimpled fingers
Lost the way to my breast,
And the beautiful ones, the angels,
Passed to the world of the blest.

A breath, and the vision is lifted
Away on wings of light,
And again we two are together,
All alone in the night.
They tell me his mind is failing,
But I smile at idle fears;
He is only back with the children,
In the dear and peaceful years.

And still as the Summer sunset
Fades away in the west,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go trooping home to rest,
My husband calls from his corner,
"Say, love! have the children come?"
And I answer, with eyes uplifted,
"Yes, dear, they are all at home!"

IT'S THE SAME DRUNK, MY LORD.

ELLEN SULLIVAN is a curious creature. She is only young, but she has been repeatedly taken to the London Mansion House Court, for all that, on the charge of being drunk and disorderly. Ellen was placed before the Lord Mayor on Wednesday on the old charge. The Lord Mayor: Well, Sullivan, what have you to say to this? You promised me the last time you were here you would not get drunk again. Prisoner: It's the same drunk, my lord; I cannot help it. (Laughter.) The Lord Mayor: Well, you will go to prison for a month. The prisoner left the bar laughing. Oh! Ellen!!

COSTUME AND DRAPERS' STANDS (MADE TO ORDER.) **JOHN CHETHAM**, General Wire Worker, REMOVED from 6, LONG MILLGATE, to 29, THE STREET, MANCHESTER. (Repairs neatly executed.)



Persons who wish to see the *City Jackdaw* regularly are respectfully recommended to order it of their Newsagents, otherwise, they may be, and often are, disappointed in not being able to obtain copies. Or, it will be sent by post from the Publishing Office, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, every week for half-a-year on payment of 3s. 3d. in advance, being posted in time for delivery at any address each Friday morning.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT William Hebron was apprehended on the 1st of August, 1876, and was released on the 18th of March, 1879.

That he was in custody thirty-one months altogether.

That for twenty-eight months he was confined and treated in a convict establishment as a murderer.

That he had no more to do with the Whalley Range murder than the man in the moon had.

That who can tell what must have been his mental, let alone his bodily, sufferings during these long, weary months?

That, now that his innocence is established and acknowledged, what is to be done to compensate him, so far as he can be compensated, for the awful wrong which has been done to him?

That no paltry sum will meet the case.

That the *City Jackdaw* hopes Mr. Cross will give him at least one thousand pounds.

That certain enterprising individuals have been sorely disappointed in connection with the release of young Hebron.

That they expected to get hold of him and have him exhibited—of course, making a good thing out of him for themselves.

That the *City Jackdaw* is glad that Hebron has more sense than some of his so-called friends.

That the best way to place him beyond the reach of his tempters is for the Government to give him something handsome in the way of compensation.

That everyone is wondering what Superintendent Bent will do with the illuminated address which the magistrates presented to him as an acknowledgment of his skill in conducting the Hebron case.

That the finances of the country are in a pretty mess.

That the deficiency of the year is expected to be some £4,500,000.

That the deficiency last year was £2,750,000.

That the Conservative cry is still "More taxes, more taxes!"

That at this rate we shall soon be taxed to death.

That—what care the Tories?

That, in addition to the wars in Afghanistan and Zululand, we may expect another before long in Burmah.

That—why wonder trade keeps bad when we go on disturbing and unsettling the whole world?

That the committee of the Manchester Junior Reform Club are thinking of offering to undertake the catering for the big club over the shops in Cross Street.

That, if they do, there will be no further complaint about the price of wine, beer, and cigars.

That members ordering bottles of wine may rest satisfied both as to the quantity and quality, as the corks will not be drawn until served.

That the Earl of Beaconsfield and his Ministers have a fatal facility for contradicting each other.

That the Prime Minister and Colonel Stanley were both questioned on Tuesday night as to the Queen's message to Lord Chelmsford.

That the Earl of Beaconsfield said what Her Majesty did was to express her sympathy with the army in their great disaster and in all that they had endured and suffered, and at the same time she also expressed her entire confidence in the Commander-in-Chief and her troops to maintain her name and honour. The message was transmitted under the responsibility of her Majesty's advisers.

That the War Secretary, on the other hand, said the message from the Queen to Lord Chelmsford had been forwarded on his own responsibility, and without consultation with his colleagues on the subject.

That here is a pretty plain contradiction.

That, which are we to believe—the Premier or the War Secretary?

That Mr. J. W. Maclure was presented at Court on Monday.

That some men have greatness thrust upon them.

That J. W. M. says that he can afford to let the *City Jackdaw* peck away at him so long as he enjoys the favours of Royalty.

That he was immensely delighted with the report of the Conservative Club's annual meeting in our last week's issue.

That he showed it to all his friends, and said that every word of it was only too true.

That, owing to its blue cover and striking portrait of Lord Beaconsfield, the new pamphlet, entitled "Lord Beaconsfield Interviewed," is being extensively bought by his Jingo admirers.

That their rage on reading the contents is something awful to witness.

That, being a clear definition of his own character and policy, written by himself, it is impossible for Mr. Touchstone or any other Beaconsfieldite to refute it.

That his definitions of Conservatism are as surprising to the Liberals as they are displeasing to the Conservatives.

That "Verax" can now instance His Lordship as chief witness to the intended overthrow of Parliamentary Government, and the substitution of Imperial personal rule.

RIGHT ABOUT FACE!

THE very serious character of the news from India causes the reflection that we have ceased to be a trading nation, *par excellence*, and become instead, a military power, always ready for aggression. In Cobden's pamphlet, "How Wars are got up in India," he traces the intrigues, and sets forth the meddlesome character of the ordinary British residents at the native courts. Always difficult to manage, these gentry now appear to smell gunpowder at every turn of the tide. Unable to direct their own affairs with prudence, they nevertheless think themselves able to govern empires whose language they barely speak, and with whose aspirations they have no sympathy. It is but a few years since the British Parliament made its famous "leap in the dark," and from the moment the following elections showed how great that darkness was—the Government have perpetually played the "rogues' march" at home, and sent abroad an Ishmaelish host, whose hand is against every man. Weary of inaction, this same Government have marched the men from Wimbledon to Colchester, from Colchester to Wimbledon back again, and thus the Army, tired with useless parades and sham fights, is deserting in hordes, whilst bad trade has left an empty exchequer. The situation of the country is one of extraordinary gravity. Every outbreak of internecine war appears to distract our Cabinet and statesmen, and they forthwith send two or three battalions to overawe a people in a million-fold majority. It is on the pattern of Tom Thumb terrifying Ali Baba. This action of our Government is a natural and consequential result of placing in power the third-rate men who now form the Cabinet. Voted to power by ignorance, sustained by boorish intolerance, they send out men to important posts abroad who make war without authority, in open defiance of contrary orders, and who afterwards prevaricate to justify the deed. The Parliament appears stupefied, paralysed, and unable to stem the tide of wars and insurrections. It is high time our diplomatic service was purged of men who recklessly plunge the country into strifes, and peril the richest dependencies of the Crown. What will the electors say next election? Have we yet found the jewel that adversity hath in its eye? If not, write up "Ichabod," for our glory hath departed.

DIAMOND RING, 2s. 6d.,

with Paris Diamond in claw-setting, sparkles beautifully. SNAKE RING, 2s. 6d. (3 and 4 coils). SIGNET, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. BUCKLE RINGS, 3s.; very Chaste BUCKLE, 3s., with or without 3 Stones. Ladies' Fancy Rings (assorted coloured stones), 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 3s. 6d. CARRINGTON & Co., Manufacturing Jewellers, 578, Kingsland Road, London, N. Money returned if not approved.

YOUNG HEBRON FREE!

FROM the dismal stone quarries of Portland ascending,
A voice of long-suffering echoes afar;
And a tale of judicial oppression is blending
With liberty's cry, making hideous jar.

"Torn from my friends," says the voice, sadly sounding,
"Shut out from hope by the law's stern decree;
Country and home, with sweet freedom surrounding,
Were dear as the pure air of heaven to me.

"Condemned by that power no experience can alter,
Though guiltless of crime, mine the punishment still;
Almost beyond hope that its sentence would falter,
Whilst life and death quivered in law's potent will.

"Though rescued from death, still hard was my destiny,
Through years of injustice and heart-breaking toil;
I, who had never done harm, or expressed any
Wish, by such process, my hands to defile.

"Justice is mine," says a judge who is mightier
Than any on human tribunals who sit,
And His justice cometh where none can be weightier,
And His laws will not stretch to make evidence fit.

"And now comes a pardon—but surely a farce it is;
Why pardon to one who's committed no crime?
Pardon is for the guilty, and bitterly harsh it is
Such a mockery to make after this lapse of time!

"Compensation! Ah, who can say what is equivalent
To that terrible three weeks of hopeless despair,
When thoughts of a murderer's doom were too prevalent,
And that unhallowed grave seem'd to yawn for me there?"

"And what compensation can equal the suffering,
Or atone for the ills that have entered my soul?
No bounty can cure, although great be the offering,
For wounds thus inflicted can never be whole!"

WITH THE GODS AT A LONDON MUSIC HALL.

ONE evening as I was strolling along a thoroughfare in the East End of London, in search of insight into low life, I noticed a crowd of human beings assembled before a building dimly illuminated by one long, straight gas pipe, acting as main artery to twenty or thirty jets, half of which only emitted a flame, that flickered and flared in the evening breeze. I saw by the bills on the wall outside that this place was a music hall, so took up my position in the rear of the motley throng, and worked my way along to the money-taker's box, where I paid an entrance fee of 3d., and then ascended up a narrow, winding staircase, in the rear of the gods, to their realms in the gallery, which was a halfmoon of dirty unvarnished wooden benches with backs to them, on the top of which was a ledge for glasses to stand on. This gallery was situated at the top of the building, just under the roof, which in most places could be touched with the hand. I took up my station at the back of the centre of the halfmoon, from which position I could survey the whole of the gallery and a portion of the pit. The audience, after a deal of pushing, pulling, bantering, shouting, and swearing, at last got ensconced in their several places, and a trifle more quiet reigned around. In the gallery the audience chiefly consisted of youths, minus jackets, or in dirty white ones, and young girls in dirty print dresses, and grimy, flashy hats. There was also a sprinkling of costermongers and hawkers, and women with babies in their arms, to whose infantile brains the continuous hum and din acted as a lullaby. In the pit the audience seemed to be composed mostly of adults—male and female—who, although not quite as noisy as the young gods, still now and then exchanged banter with each other and the vocalists. Above the din can be heard the cries of the different vendors of articles of consumption. A man with two cans, each resembling a cross between a mill can and a baked potato can, calls out, "Now then, gents, hale or porter? Give yer horders, gents, afore we're sold hout." Then an old dame with a basket of oranges pipes out, "'Ere yer air, ladies and gents, fine horanges, all ripe and sweet, and honly a penny, two for tuppence." Another man makes his way among the audience shouting out, "Now, ladies and gents, buy some real fresh tripe. Mine's the stuff to make yer feel hup to Dick, and is just the same as they heats at the Lord Mayor's banquets, so now then, buy and hape a halderman." "My dear, have some bootifol green peas with your tripe, they's all 'ot. That's right, aint they lovely? I has 'em direct every mornin' from Windzer." Although to me the tripe and the hot decoction of verdant bullets seemed to have a very unsavoury appearance, the vendor very soon got rid of most of the contents of both

his tripe basket and pea can, apparently to the satisfaction of the malt liquor seller, who knew from experience that these unsavoury articles would create thirst. Shrill whistles and cat calls constantly found vent amongst the audience and friends exchanged innumerable greetings, such as—"Vot cheer, Chorlaye? Is that yer gal? Tip 'er hover 'ere, and let's share 'er amongst us!" "Vell, Sarah, does yer mother know yer hout?" "Vot, Bill, my hearty bloke, how's the missus and the moke?" "Aint yer going to run yer moke for the Darby, it's safe for a place?" "I knows another moke as is safe for a place if he don't hold his jaw." A Stiggins (without the gloves) specimen of a chairman now enters from under the stago and takes his seat in front of the pit, and does his best with his hammer and his "Now, gentlemen, please, order," to obtain order, whilst the orchestra, composed of one pianist and one violinist, wades through a discordant overture, accompanied by cries of "Now, then, pianer, put the steam on;" and "Scrape away, old catguts." At last, the curtain was drawn up, and a gushing damsel of about forty summers appeared, attired in a green, glazed, calico dress, with low body, and no sleeves, and warbled forth, in a nasal, masculine voice, something to the effect, that "She was sweet seventeen, and loved a man, who also loved her," which brought down the house and also a few polite references to her age, wisdom teeth, and false hair, to which she politely replied, "that it was a pity some people's mothers did not keep them at home and put them to bed early." "Brayvo, Sarah, 'it 'im 'ard, 'e arn't got no friends." Rat, tat, tat, from the chairman, and an appeal for "Order, gentlemen, order, ple-a-a-o." The fair damsel gruffly piped forth two more songs, viz., "I dote on the Milling-tary," and "I'll ax my mother, &c." for which she received unbounded applause, in the shape of cat-calls and shrill whistles, and then she gracefully retired, to make way for a West End swell, dressed for all the world like a mute, except that he wore his hat very much on one side, to give him a rakish appearance, and he every now and then flicked his leg and boot with a penny cane, attached to which was a flaring blue tassell. This noble specimen of the lords of creation roared forth in a bare-of-tone-voice, "She was such a charmer," and two other equally unmusical ditties, all of which were applauded in the usual eloquent manner, interlarded with cries of "Go it, George," "What 'll yer take to drink, old fellow, at yer own expense?" &c. After this I made my exit.

HOW TO GET RID OF AN OBNOXIOUS PREMIER.

SOME time back that loquacious old lady of London society—Mrs. Judy, gave a recipe for positively disposing of your ex-Premier, yet, strange to say, despite this trying ordeal of Tory bluster, we find the right honourable gentleman survives, and continues to withstand his assailants' thrusts and darts. Disraeli is the caws of the *City Jackdaw* submitting for trial the following as a means of getting rid of your obnoxious Premier, if such a thing be possible in this world. This, be it understood, can only be accomplished by a well-organised body.

First.—Having selected your chief or leader, go as one man and freely liquor until you are all thoroughly enebriated with the exuberance of your own verbosity, this done, rush madly at your Premier, seize him by the curl, drag him into the nearest Turkish bath (not less than 200° Fahrenheit), and leave him for a week. At the end of that period visit him, as you will of course expect to find him disposed of. If, however, he still lives, bring him out again (still holding on to the curl), and ask him how he feels. If he says all right, tell him he is a sophisticated rhetorician, and doesn't know what is good for his health. But don't despair yet of dispensing with your obnoxious Premier; there is still hope.

Second.—The first part of the programme having failed, you continue, viz.: Having lashed your obnoxious trophy by the forelock to the nearest landed gentry's farmgate, in charge of a sufficient body-guard, set off to Jericho, via Kars, Cabul, and Zululand, returning in due time with a real live Turk, Russian, Afghan, and Zulu; cut these ingredients into slices, chop them fine, seasoning with a fair quantity of English blood (being careful to obtain innocent); put the whole through a sausage machine, serve hot, and lay your dainty dish before your king; after he has fed, inquire again after his health, and if this does not turn on his constitutional stomach you must get fairly excited and throw a real Californian gold casket at his head, and tell him you are a peaceful and united family and won't stand any of his bosh—this should, in all conscience, dispatch him on the spot;—if, however, he still holds out, place a crown upon his head, labelled "peace with honour," throw him violently to the earth, and patiently wait until he "busts."

The above is a serious task to undertake, but may possibly be accomplished by dint of hard labour and perseverance.

WEDDING RINGS, 1s. 6d.,

cannot be told from 22-carat gold. LOCKETS, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. BROOCHES, 1s. 3d. and 2s. EARRINGS, 1s. 6d. and 2s. ALBERTS, 2s. 6d. and 7s. 6d. All the above made with gold and warranted to wear well. Sent post free. Catalogues post free, CARRINGTON & CO., Manufacturing Jewellers, 373, Kingsland Road, London, N. Money returned if not approved.

OLD AND NEW LIBERALS.

[BY AN OLD RAD.]

MR. JOHN SLAGG has been chosen the Liberal candidate for Manchester to succeed Sir Thomas Bazley. For a young man, Mr. Slagg has acquired a great name in this city, and will, doubtless, receive the suffrages of the whole Liberal party. As a commercial man, it is impossible that a more worthy man could have been chosen, and it is unfortunate that any other name should have been put in nomination for the votes of the Council. But this city is the capital of Radicalism, and fifty years ago was the scene of a political Bartholomew—certainly less bloody than the French massacre, but as far as it went distinguished by the same leading traits—a drunken soldiery in the hands of the authorities, and an unarmed, inoffensive people as the victims of their fury. But, indeed, those women slayers were not the regular soldiers, but the "bloods" of the farmyards who played at soldiers a few weeks each year. If the regular soldiers had not opened their ranks to allow the multitude to escape there is no doubt the carnage would have been awful. Those were times of distress and danger vastly worse than now, and clearheaded men spake of reform with "bated breath and whispered humbleness." Paid informers created sedition, and then denounced their victims. In the midst of this fiery ordeal the gentleman whose name was put in nomination against Mr. Slagg for the representation of this city passed his political apprenticeship. The great reformers, Cobden, Villiers, Thompson, Wilson, Cobbett, and others, were his friends. He was not cradled in the lap of luxury or wealth—he is the child of the people, grown old with years and services. He has been the servant of the people during a long life. He has been the servant of *all* work. When the average townsman of to-day was in his cradle, Abel Heywood was working for his daily bread as other men, and upholding the banner of civil and political liberty, not alone, thank God, but as few other men did in those troublesome times. How easy it is to sail with the tide. How merrily the bark scuds along the stream at flood tide, but he who feels in his heart that the liberty of his race is sacrificed on the altar of power, and resolves to give freedom to the slave though he die in the attempt, is a hero of whom this land of heroes needs be proud, and of whom the world is still in need.

The one great danger of to-day is that as far as civil liberty is concerned the sufferings of the heroes of the past are in danger of going for naught. Where is the man who counts public duty to have a greater claim upon him than private gain? Your stripling of twenty summers, who spends his fortnight annually at the lakes and passes for a gentleman in bar parlours, appraises the merits of public men now-a-days, and holds up his head, vaunting opinions as though fashioned by judgment, and ripened by experience, but if ever the angels weep it must be at the sight of such. If Abel Heywood has been rejected at the instance of these "babes of the wood," well may the fathers among us pray—"From all such, good Lord, deliver us." Abel Heywood's position is that which was found sixty years ago in the case of Samuel Crompton. When Mr. Percival proposed that a pension and a sum of £20,000 should be given to Crompton, one of the Commons rudely said, "Give him a hundred a year, it is as much as he can drink." The boorish Commoner did not appreciate the Father of the cotton trade, and laid the Commons open to the noble rejoinder of Crompton, "I gave them an opportunity to honour themselves, me they cannot honour." Such is the position of Manchester now. The very existence of the town is a tribute to the value of the moving principle that animated the Reformers of olden times. When the British Solomon was illegally raising money by thrusting charters upon unwilling towns, Manchester grew without the aid of Royal twaddle, by the principle of free trade, and by the genius of her people. But there came a time when the power of the Government had to be confronted in other ways than by resistance to unnecessary charters. The men of that day are fast passing away. Their doings are historical, and the men of to-day simply enjoy the fruit of other men's labours and sufferings. We have come to see so little difference in political opinions that not a few men are to be found who think it a small matter which class of political opinions—Liberal or Tory—is in the ascendant. This is the weak place of our public life. We are brought up in dense ignorance of the history of the last fifty years. We have almost come to regard the pioneers of freedom of the Ernest Jones and Samuel Bamford class as hot-brained enthusiasts, who delighted in opposing lawful authority. When Mr. Hibbert, of Oldham, unveiled the Bamford Memorial he regretted that the tension of

feeling between the Reformers and the Government should have led to that "unfortunate" episode of Peterloo. This dawdle—dawdle—dawdle language marks the advent of the milksop age, and Mr. Heywood could not represent such people were he sent to Parliament. Of all men in this town he need be under no apprehension for his fame. When the present race of politicians were in the cradle he was active in deeds and in suffering for the people. For these reasons we join heartily in wishing the united support of the Liberals may be given to Mr. Slagg. He undoubtedly represents the commercial greatness of this city, fully as much as Abel Heywood would have represented the historical liberal character directly descending from the men who wore white hats, and the women who carried palm branches in their hands to the field of Peterloo. The desire to bury the recollection of those times has already borne fruit in blinding the nation to the gravity of the ministerial contempt of Parliament, and in the insensate admiration of Lord Beaconsfield—a man who has done more to restore the personal power of the Crown than all the premiers during the last century. But as self-preservation is the most powerful of human motives—whether in the Tory or the Liberal breast—the true explanation of this lukewarmness lies in the fact that men now know nothing of the possible horrors of personal Government, and ignorantly lend their support to the party who is leading them by an ambuscade into the quagmire of Imperialism, and consequent loss of liberty. Doubtless the friends of Mr. Heywood are satisfied with the vote of the Council, for his name is writ large in the history of Manchester already.

A WORD TO THE BISHOP.

[BY OUR OWN LOAFER.]

I CANNOT help fancying that many of those who heard the discourse of Bishop Fraser at St. Peter's Church the other Sunday night must, like myself, have asked themselves why on earth he could not let well alone. Our excellent Bishop can, when he pleases, preach a most admirable purely doctrinal sermon, but such is his *penchant* for burning questions that it seldom happens that the people who throng to hear him on Sundays listen to an address of that character. It not unfrequently chances that they imagine from his opening that he is about to forgo worrying them with refutations of the wrong notions and misleading utterances of scientific men, and other matters of a somewhat exciting nature, but it generally falls out that some chance phrase seems to turn the Bishop's attention to some current topic, very often very remotely, if at all, connected with his text, and the audience find themselves embarked with the preacher upon the sea of controversy. That Sunday night, the Bishop, who was in admirable "form," gave the large number of persons who had gathered together to hear him a real treat. In his best style he preached a thoroughly doctrinal, and, if I may so phrase it, practical sermon, referring in eloquent terms to the frivolities and littleness of the world at large as compared with the great principles and doctrines of Christianity. I have not the slightest doubt that a deep impression was made upon his hearers, and I only regret that the Bishop did not close his remarks at the point at which I, and no doubt the majority of the congregation also, thought he had finished. The sermon itself was evidently concluded, and all that remained to the preacher to do was to signify to the people to what purpose their offerings on the occasion would be devoted. One would have thought that a few words would have sufficed, but, most unfortunately, as I thought, the Bishop allowed himself to drift into saying "just a word" respecting the functions of one holding the office which he himself fills. I don't say that what he uttered was irrelevant to the subject of the object of the collection, because there was an evident connection, into the particulars of which it would do no good to go, between the two. But His Lordship has, on several occasions, if I am not mistaken, expressed pretty fully his views with respect to what a bishop should or should not do. His utterances, therefore, were by no means new, and, if I may be pardoned for saying so, of but little importance, and it does seem to me to be a pity that, having made a first-class sermon, calculated to effect much good in his hearers, he should plunge into another and totally different subject, thereby, in all probability, effacing, to some extent at least, the impression which his previous remarks had made. I think I never had the pleasure of listening to a sounder and more vigorous sermon, and I regret that on the impulse of the moment our worthy Bishop should have permitted himself to give us such an injudicious "tag."

SNUBBED PEOPLE.

(FROM THE "LIVERPOOL LIBERAL REVIEW.")

THESE are people who seem to have been created to be snubbed. They are quiet and inoffensive. They are pained if they have to disagree with anything which you say. So they endorse every remark that you make which they can conscientiously endorse, and they refrain from indulging in contradiction. You may not, perhaps, be able to induce them to do what is wrong, but it is an easy matter to persuade them to run counter to their own inclinations. So far as their consciences will allow, and so far as in their power lies, they will permit you to do just as you please, even though they themselves may, to a certain extent, be inconvenienced thereby. They never seem to think of seriously trying to get their own way. Indeed, they appear to like, rather than otherwise, having their destinies shaped for them. They are not of the persons who can only enjoy themselves in a certain fashion, and that of their own choosing. They are capable of being delighted in a multitude of modes. The difficulty is to displease them. The readiness which they evince to sacrifice themselves for the sake of others does not, however, bring them any reward of a gratifying character. On the contrary, it results in their being subjected to a great deal of down-right ill-usage. The impression gets abroad that they are individuals without ideas. Bullies will contemptuously allude to them as poor creatures who are destitute of anything like strength of mind. They become the victims of brazen and rapid windbags. They will listen patiently and smile sweetly while some intolerable bore inflicts upon them a story as remarkable for its prosiness as its length, and the moral of which is that its teller is a great man. When they are button-holed by prosy hobby riders, whom less tender-hearted persons would at once shake-off, without employing very much ceremony, they, in lieu of doing anything rude, brace themselves up to endure a certain amount of torture. If they are taken in hand by those whose delight it is to ride rough-shod over their neighbours they exhibit no resentment. A cad in feeling, if a gentleman in deportment, may insinuate that they are not many degrees removed from simpletons, but, if he does, they will display little, if any, temper. They show no exasperation when personal jokes are cut, by wretched wittings, at their expense. In truth, in view of their general behaviour and demeanour, one might be pardoned if he fell into the error of thinking that they rather like being laughed at than not. Thus, it is not astonishing that they are made the objects of sneers and jeers to a very considerable extent. But it is somewhat surprising that they are addicted to becoming the humble henchmen of persons who persistently maltreat them. It is no uncommon thing to see some leather-lunged, brazen empty-headed disciple of the Gospel of Bounce exerting an undisputed sovereignty over them which it would be amusing to contemplate, if the spectacle were not, also, to the last degree a pitiable one. The most amazing part of the matter is that the poor snubbed creatures do not see their own superiority any more than they perceive the inferiority of those to whom they are too ready to bow their heads. The bully may be ignorant to the last degree; he may make a reckless and barefaced use of the brains of his victims; but, nevertheless, he is permitted to plume himself upon the fact (?) that he is the philosopher, supporter, et cetera, et cetera. He arrogates unto himself all the glory of the performances in which he and his unfortunate partners may engaged, and he complacently puts himself into the front place upon every occasion. But they do not murmur. They do not break out even when they are shown that they are considered to be merely his puppets. They may feel the sting of being placed in a hopelessly secondary position; they may realise that they are not being treated justly; but they are good-natured souls, and hate altercations, so they do not rise in their wrath, and make a vigorous attempt to assert themselves, even when they have most cause to feel humiliated. In point of fact, they are incapable of self-assertion in the ordinary meaning of the word. They are too considerate of the feelings of others, as well as too modest, ever to be thoroughly bumptious. At the same time, in nine cases out of ten, they are not the miserably invertebrate beings which their traducers, and those who reap most advantage from them, would have you believe. They are not naturally pugnacious, and so will not struggle merely for the purpose of gaining a victory. They are not actuated by a perpetual craving to obtain the mastery over somebody or other. But at great crises in their lives they astonish their friends and themselves. Now and then they will rise to a height of heroism which the bullies to whom they are in the habit of

deferring could never attain. When aroused they will suffer tortures for the sake of those whom they love or the principles which they hold dear. People will then turn round and say, "Well, I never thought that they had so much in them. They are certainly not the sort of beings whom we should have expected to do anything great." At the same time, the snubbed persons have, probably, all their lives been doing good substantial work. Possibly, indeed, it is in a measure because they have had serious matters to engage their thoughts that they have not squabbled about trifles, and have, over and over again, acquiesced in the judgment of other people when, in their opinion, that judgment has been decidedly defective. We have already indicated that the people who seem to have been born into the world to be snubbed are unappreciated. In point of fact, they are so many sacrifices on the shrine of good nature. It is rather surprising that they do not turn morbid and cynical, and become disappointed geniuses of the first water. That they fail to do so, however, is very creditable to them. It is an indication that there is more good in human nature than some sour critics are disposed to admit. At the same time, it is anything but satisfactory that they are treated as they are treated, and that selfishness and bluster are permitted to enjoy so much undeserved honour and to have things so much their own way. It is not pleasant to think that the world will pay a certain amount of deference to the callous-minded nincompoop, whose stock-in-trade consists of a superabundance of obstinacy and selfishness, provided that he will only, in effect, say—"What I think must be right. My taste cannot be defective, so bow down before me. What I say shall be done, no matter what the inclinations and ideas of other interested parties may be." It is still more unpleasant to think that while the world will act in the manner indicated, it will treat the person who behaves as if he were not bound to live for himself alone, but as if he were called upon to consult the wishes and the thoughts of others, in an extremely scurvy manner. In view of the state of the case, the cynic might be tempted to say to the youth who was just entering on life—"My boy, if you desire to be thought clever, and so on, never concede an inch to those persons, however much you may be indebted to them, whose wishes in the slightest degree run counter to your own. Act upon the principle that they must, in all matters of taste, judgment, etc., be entirely wrong and you entirely right. Be more than ever dogmatic when you are uncertain as to the tenableness of your own position." Nevertheless, we hope that the folk who seem to have been born into the world to be snubbed will not attempt to become self-assertive. No doubt their lot is in many respects a hard one, but they at least have, in a general way, the satisfaction of knowing that if they are not honoured by the many they are thoroughly beloved by the few who know them best.

TIRED OF LIFE.

WHO has not felt tired of life at times? Then don't judge a case of this kind too harshly. At the Lambeth Police Court, one day this week, Emily Collett, 39, giving her address in Charles Street, Euston Road, was charged with attempting to commit suicide by jumping into the river. A police constable stated that he saw the prisoner on the embankment, Westminster Bridge. From her strange manner he was induced to follow. She suddenly sprang forward and jumped from the embankment into the river. He jumped in after her. She had sunk once, and was about being carried away by the current, when he caught hold and managed to get her to the shore. She begged him to let her go. She said her husband was in India, and she was much depressed in spirits, because she had not received money from him, and was greatly in debt. Prisoner, a well-educated woman, in answer to the magistrate, said she had with her husband formerly occupied a good position in India. They were well off, and kept their carriage and servants. He was manager of the Punjab Bank, and he lost large sums. For two years he was without employment, when he got the position of sub-editor of a Bombay paper. He afterwards had a situation under Government, and then as editor of a paper in Kurrachee. A cyclone swept away all their property. Since then he had, she believed, gone to Lahore, but she did not know where. Her landlady had been very kind indeed, but being pressed herself, wanted payment of £6 due to her. She had written to her husband telling him her desperate condition. She further stated that owing to ill-health she was unable to do any work. Mr. Chance said he would remand the prisoner, but allow her to go with the landlady. It was a very sad story. The prisoner was then remanded for further inquiries. Yes, tired of life! It is all very well to tell some people to laugh and grow fat. Why, they cannot bear the load of living, let alone the luxury of laughing.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

IN reporting the recent meeting of manufacturers at Blackburn, both the *Times* and the *Standard*, and a good many dailies besides, said "it was unanimously resolved, with only one dissident, that wages should be again reduced by another 10 per cent." How could the resolution be adopted "unanimously" seeing that there was at least "one dissident?"

EVIDENCE accumulates against Lord Chelmsford. The report of the official inquiry into the massacre at Isandula on the 22nd of January shows that he knew the Zulus were close at hand in great force. Yet what he did to protect the camp was notoriously inadequate. An officer who took part in the Ashantee expedition contrasts the conduct of Sir Garnet Wolseley with that of Lord Chelmsford. He says:—"Sir Garnet fortified every camp he occupied from the time he entered Cape Coast to the day he made his final dash for Coomassie. From the time that the troops on the Gold Coast entered on the campaign an order of battle had been devised by the chief which anticipated the danger of their being out-flanked, or surrounded, as a matter of course. The troops always fought in an open square, which fronted north, south, east, and west, so that from whatever side the Ashantee came—and he invariably attacked us on all four—he met with a hot reception." Why did Lord Chelmsford not do likewise? Simply, we fear, because he does not know his business. Yet the Government refuse to recall him.

PERHAPS the greatest event of the week is the discovery on the part of Lord Beaconsfield that we actually have a Constitution in this benighted realm. He absolutely objected to a question put to him in the House of Lords, on the ground that it was not put according to the strict letter and form of Constitutional usage. And this from a Minister who has so totally ignored that usage for years! Do the Government really intend to go to the country as champions of the Constitution at the coming election? If so—Liberals, beware!

WE have long been good friends—Miss Lydia Becker and ourselves. But if the following lines represent her true sentiments then we can have nothing to do with her after this:—

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to lecture, sir," she said.
"And what is the subject, my pretty maid?"
"The total extinction of man," she said.
"Then nobody 'll marry you, my pretty maid."
"Advanced women don't marry, good sir," she said.

Why should women refuse to marry? Above all, why should they cruelly seek "the total extinction of man?" We pause for a reply. Man can stand a good deal, but he is not prepared to stand entire extinction, just yet. We must draw the line somewhere.

IT is said that the new President of the French Republic is a very good chess-player, and being asked recently to write something, however trifling, in an album, M. Grévy wrote as follows:—"Life is like a game of chess; each one holds his rank according to his quality, but, when the game is over, kings, queens, knights, and all the rest are thrown into one common box."

A CERTAIN curate, a contemporary tells us, was asked to dine with his squire one Sunday, not a hundred miles from Salisbury Plain. The squire was an old gentleman who dined at four o'clock, and, as it was rather a hard matter to get through the service decently in time to keep the appointment, the curate told his clerk that they would for once dispense with the singing. To his horror, the clerk, at the moment when the singing should have intervened, jumped up and said—"I g'ies notice there is no singin' this Sunday afternoon 'cos parson's goin' to dine with the squire."

IT goes without saying that the *Daily Telegraph* is nothing if not original. On Monday it opened out one of its leaders in this funny, fussy fashion: "To-day is the anniversary of St. Patrick, and the celebration, both in London and in other places, will derive an additional interest from the recent nuptials of the Prince whose name and title connect him with the sister island." What connection there was, or is, between the Duke of Connaught's marriage and St. Patrick's Day is something that no fellow can understand. But it would be idle and idiotic to attempt to fathom all the follies of our friend the *D. T.*

ARE our laws and our glorious institution of trial by jury a farce? Alice Adams and Seth Evans are both at large, and yet one of the two is as certainly guilty of the crimes laid to their charge as the sun is of shining—now and then! Either Seth Evans committed the offence laid to his charge, or Alice Adams committed wilful and gross perjury, and the wisdom of our united bench, aided by the arguments of our most learned counsellors, and the clear-headedness of our educated jurymen, have not been able to decide between them! *Piat justitia.*

WHAT class of men is it that must always have their glass before they begin their day's work?—Glaziers.

A BIG BLUSTERER!

[BY A BIGGAR ONE.]

"Mr. Biggar said that some day the democracy would break loose, that the London warehouses and Lancashire factories would be reduced to ashes, and the shipping in the Thames and Mersey set on fire. . . . He urged his countrymen to ally themselves with the English democracy . . . and, above all, to make as great a display as possible of physical force."—*Echo.*

BEDAD, it's meself that's the mimber for Cavan,
The illigant Biggar's me name.
It's a moighty big fame I'm intint upon havin',
Begorra, I thirst for that same!
It's meself that is down upon finickin parties,
Sure, the Donnybrook stoile I endorse;
If ye can't get your roights be petition, me hearties,
Why, go in for physical force!
It's meself that belongs to the Home Rule persuasion,
For the Saxon I madly detest,
An' me timper is "up" on the smallest occasion,
Whiniver Ould Erin's opprest;
An' foindin' it useless to thry legislation,
To action we'll now have recourse,
An' so me advice to the bhoys av me nation
Is "Display all your physical force!"
Let the governin' classes look after their laurels,
Or the shamrock 'll put 'em to roights;
Ay, thrimble, ye blaygyards! prepare ye for quarrels,
An' mebbe, just one or two fights!
For we'll burn all the ships in the Thames and the Mersey,
Wid the smallest amount av remorse.
If talkin' wont fix ye, we'll thry "vicey-versey,"
An' go in for physical force!
Thin, hurroo, me compathriots, take me advice, now,
Jine the English daymocracy, sharp!
Don't be ather endurin' oppression like moice, now,
Mend the sthrings of poor Erin's ould harp!
Jist rally in numbers and foight the foe gaily,
An' (if ye've got horses) to horse!
At the rear of your army I'll twirl me shillelagh,
Wid me battle cry "Physical force!"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Believing that many doubts might be removed and much useful instruction communicated under this heading, we have, after careful consideration and momentous meditation, made up our minds to comply with the claims of our correspondents in this respect, and, by begging, borrowing, and stealing, to answer any and every question, whether it relates to things on the earth, things above the earth, or things beneath the earth.

"M. D."—Keep it quiet.
"Again."—We trust not.
"W. C. E."—You are mistaken.
"S. E."—Write to Mr. J. W. Maclure.
"R. A. T."—We believe you are quite right.
"J. B."—The arrest must be made by a policeman.
"Inquirer."—We do not think you have any remedy; ask a lawyer.
"H. M."—The man in whose possession the dog is must have a license.
"J. R."—Half to the mother; the rest to the brothers and sisters in equal shares.
"M. B."—The owner of a dog which steals meat is responsible for the damage done.
"X. Y. Z."—You must give six months' notice, ending at the date at which the tenancy commenced.
"G. H."—The landlord cannot effect a forcible entrance to distrain, but he may seize what is on the premises.
"Constant Reader."—The deepest coal shaft in England, we believe, is Rosebridge shaft, near Wigan, with a depth of 2,424 feet.
"H. M."—The character appears to have been a private letter addressed to the gentleman referred to. If so, you have no claim to it.
"J. O."—In order to obtain exemption from inhabited house duty when only a caretaker resides on the premises the occupier must send in a claim; until the Commissioners have allowed the claim he is liable.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

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MARCH 21, 1879.

THE CITY JACKDAW.

5

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All lovers of Lancashire literature will welcome the appearance of *Ben Brierley's Monthly Journal*, the first number of which was published this month. The weekly publication has for a long time had a high reputation for articles in the vernacular, and those in the new periodical are fully up to the standard. In addition to this, there is a good collection of "magazine stories," so that the *Journal* will prove of interest to ordinary readers who do not understand or enjoy the subtleties of the Lancashire dialect. The contents of the number are very varied, so that everybody's taste will be satisfied. In addition to twenty-six lengthy stories, poems, and papers, there is a great number of interesting "scraps;" the whole combining to make the *Journal* an admirable means of passing an idle hour away.—*Southport Visitor*, February 4th.

People will now have the option of buying the *Journal* weekly or in parts of four weeks, as convenience or fancy may dictate. The alteration is thus one which adds dignity to the periodical and consults the interests of purchasers. We hope it may be attended with all the results its well-wishers anticipate.—*Cheshire County News*, January 31.

Ben Brierley's Journal has for a long time enjoyed a high reputation, not only for its tales and sketches in the "native tongue," but for the

general merits of its literary articles and "scraps." It is now commenced in a new series, and published in monthly parts as well as weekly. The part before us is full of reading, contributed by good and racy writers, not the least of whom is the editor's friend, Mr. Ab-o'th'-Yate. Mr. Ben Brierley has now issued his journal for more than ten years, and a better magazine we do not know to recommend to general readers.—*Leigh Chronicle*, February 8th.

Ben Brierley's Journal is a household word in Lancashire; and much as it has been popular in these districts, we opine that in its new and more attractive form it will be a greater favourite with its numerous readers. "Ab-o'th'-Yate" has not yet exhausted his humour, and we anticipate now and again a pleasant and amusing effusion from his pen. Besides "Ab," there is no lack of talent on the *Journal*, and in some of its articles, stories, and sketches, it will bear comparison with metropolitan journals of far higher pretensions.—*Oldham Chronicle*, January 29th.

The first part of the new series of this work has just come to hand. The contents are really charming, and cannot fail to brighten many a gloomy face. We recommend the work to our readers, feeling sure that its new form of appearance will, in itself, be recommendable.—*Masbro' and Scintion Times*, January 31st.

The first monthly part of a new series of an old familiar journal in the "Lanky" dialect—*Ben Brierley's*—has been forwarded to us for notice. It gives a bit of everything "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." It is in the language best understood by the masses of our Lancashire operatives, and contains exactly the kind of wit and humour which is most relished by the people of this and other towns and villages in the county palatine.—*Darwen News*, February 1st.

This journal is widening and improving its sphere—is aiming to be entertaining not only as a Lancashire, but as a general periodical; and we wish it success. For upwards of ten years the *Journal* has been established, charming during the period many with its stories and sketches; and now the editor, aided by duly-selected literary auxiliaries, means to make it yet more widely known and agreeable. The first monthly part, which has been sent to us, contains stories and sketches of various kinds—some in the dialect of the county—poetical and comical composition, biographical, antiquarian, scientific, and anecdotal matter; here and there we have an illustration; and altogether, considering its price and provincialism, it is a very deserving production. Lancashire people in particular ought to give a hearty support to this literary enterprise.—*Preston Chronicle*, February 1st.

Anything conducive to the acceptability of this

excellent periodical will always be viewed with satisfaction. The thoroughly wholesome style of its writings, the fact that Mr. Brierley and his associates possess the secret of being thoroughly amusing, and making a bid for the most extended popularity, without descending to the arts of the "penny dreadful," renders the journal in question one which it is desirable to encourage. In its own line we do not know that *Ben Brierley's Journal* has a rival. In any other part of England it is very probably without a competitor; in Lancashire, this is true certainly. From Jan., 1879, the journal, although the weekly issues will still be continued, will take rank among the "monthlies."—*Stockport Chronicle*, Jan. 31st.

Messrs. Abel Heywood and Son, of Manchester, send us a copy of *Ben Brierley's Journal* (5d.). This is full of stories well suited to the tastes of the good folk of Lancashire, and the very name of the journal has a ring of good-fellowship about it which should secure a large circulation amongst those who love a "gradely honest mon."—*The Fountain*, February 6th.

It is with pleasure we greet the first monthly number of this journal, and we are persuaded that it will be well received by the admirers of Lancashire dialect. When we see such names as Ben Brierley, E. A. Axon, J. Barnes, and other prominent writers, who contribute largely to this periodical, we may be sure that it contains some enjoyable reading, and this issue does credit to all concerned.—*Salford Chronicle*, February 8th.

Ben Brierley's Journal has entered upon a new series, and is taking new paths, while the old ones are not neglected. The fresh spurt which has been made is one which is sure to commend itself to a wider field of readers, and to readers of broader and more varied tastes. In addition to the weekly issue there is now a monthly number, the first of which is before us. It contains a good deal to specially interest readers in this neighbourhood. *Ben Brierley's Journal* is trying to deserve greater success, and we have no doubt it will achieve it.—*Eccles Advertiser*, February 8th.

Ben Brierley's Journal contains a fair amount of entertaining matter; and, cultivating as it does the vernacular to a very large extent, it is an especial favourite with Lancashire readers. With January of the present year was commenced a new series, into which several improvements are introduced. Though the matter is chiefly what might be termed "light" in its complexion, yet there are not wanting contributions of a solid character, and several of these are illustrated with characteristic woodcuts. It is, taken as a whole, a cheap and ably-conducted popular serial.—*Barnsley Chronicle*, February 15th.

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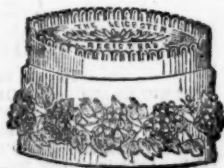
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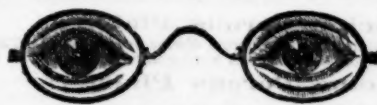
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